

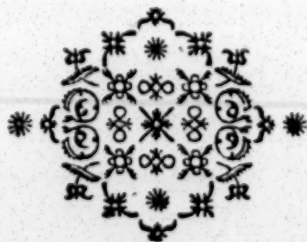
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Chrononhotonthologos :

THE MOST
TRAGICAL TRAGEDY

That ever was Tragedized

BY ANY
COMPANY of TRAGEDIANS.

The SIXTH EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Printed for the PROPRIETORS; and Sold by
the Booksellers in Town and Country.

Cinonanthologos :

ET MOST

YETTER A TRACT

BY THE





P R O L O G U E.

*T*O Night our Comic MUSE the Buskin wears,
And gives herself no small Romantic Airs;
Struts in Heroics, and in pompous Verse
Does the minutest Incidents rehearse;
In Ridicule's strict Retrospect displays
The Poetasters of these modern Days;
Who with big bellowing Bombast rend our Ears,
Which, strict of Sound, quite void of Sense appears;
Or else their Fiddle-faddle Numbers flow,
Serenely dull, elaborately low:
Either Extreme when vain Pretenders take,
The Actor suffers for the Author's Sake.
The quite-tir'd Audience lose whole Hours; yet pay
To go un-pleas'd and un-improv'd away.
This being our Scheme, we hope you will excuse
The wild Excursion of the wanton Muse;
Who out of Frolick wears a mimick Mask,
And sets herself so whimsical a Task:
'Tis meant to please; but, if it should offend,
It's very short, and soon will have an End.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Chrononhotonthologos, *King of Queerummania.*

Bombardinian, *his General.*

Aldiborontiphoscophornio, } *Courtiers.*
Rigdum-Funnidos, }

Captain of the Guards.

Herald.

Cook.

Doctor.

King of the Fiddlers.

King of the Antipodes.

Fadladfnida, *Queen of Queerummania.*

Tatlanthe, *her Favourite.*

Two Ladies of the Court.

Two Ladies of Pleasure.

Venus.

Cupid.

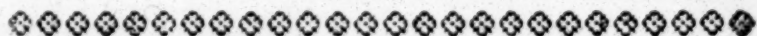
Guards and Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *Queerummania.*

T H E



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.



SCENE,

An Anti-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphoscophornio.

Rig-Fun.



Ldiborontiphoscophornio !

Where left you *Chrononhoton-*
thologos ?

Aldi. Fatigu'd with the tre-
mendous Toils of War,
Within his Tent, on downy
Couch succumbent,

Himself he unfatigues with gentle Slumbers :
Lull'd by the chearful Trumpets gladfome Clangor,
The Noise of Drums, and Thunder of Artillery,

B 3

He

He sleeps supine amidst the Din of War :
 And yet 'tis not definitively Sleep ;
 Rather a kind of Doze, a waking Slumber,
 That sheds a Stupefaction o'er his Senses ;
 For now he nods and snores ; anon he starts ;
 Then nods and snores again : If this be Sleep,
 Tell me, ye Gods ! what mortal Man's awake !
 What says my Friend to this ?

Rig-Fun. ——— Say ! I say he sleeps Dog-Sleep :
 What a Plague wou'd you have me say ?

Aldi. O impious Thought ! O curs'd Insinuation !
 As if great *Chrononbotonthologos*
 To Animals detestable and vile
 Had ought the least Similitude !

Rig. My dear Friend ! you entirely misapprehend
 me : I did not call the King Dog by Craft ; I was only
 going to tell you that the Soldiers have just now receiv'd
 their Pay, and are all as drunk as so many Swabbers.

Aldi. Give Orders instantly that no more Money
 Be issued to the Troops : Mean time, my Friend,
 Let the Baths be fill'd with Seas of Coffee,
 To stupify their Souls into Sobriety.

Rig. I fancy you had better banish the Sutlers, and
 blow the Geneva Casks to the Devil.

Aldi. Thou counsel'st well, my *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
 And Reason seems to father thy Advice :
 But soft ! ——— The King in pensive Contemplation
 Seems to resolve on some important Doubt ;
 His Soul, too copious for his earthly Fabrick,
 Starts forth, spontaneous, in Soliloquy,
 And makes his Tongue the Midwife of his Mind.
 Let us retire, lest we disturb his Solitude.

[*They retire.*

Enter

Enter King.

King. This God of Sleep is watchful to torment me,
And Rest is grown a Stranger to my Eyes :
Sport not with *Chrononbotontologos*,
Thou idle Slumb'rer, thou detested *Somnus* :
For, if thou dost, by all the waking Pow'rs
I'll tear thine Eye-Balls from their Leaden-Sockets,
And force thee to out-stare Eternity.

[Exit in a Huff.]

Re-enter Rigdum and Aldiboronti.

Rig. ——— The King is in a most cursed Passion!
Pray who the Devil is this Mr. *Somnus* he's so angry
withal ?

Aldi. The Son of *Chaos* and of *Erebus*,
Incestuous Pair ! Brother of *Mors* relentless,
Whose speckled Robe, and Wings of blackest Hue,
Astonish all Mankind with hideous Glare ;
Himself with fable Plumes, to Men benevolent,
Brings downy Slumbers and refreshing Sleep.

Rig. This Gentleman may come of a very good Family,
for ought I know ; but I would not be in his
Place for the World.

Aldi. But lo ! the King his Footsteps this Way bending,
His cogitative Faculties immers'd
In Cogibundity of Cogitation :
Let Silence close our Folding-Doors of Speech,
'Till apt Attention tell our Heart the Purport
Of this profound Profundity of Thought.

Re-enter

Re-enter King, Nobles, and Attendants, &c.

King. ——— It is resolv'd ——— Now, *Somnus*, I
defy thee,
And from Mankind ampute thy curs'd Dominion.
These Royal Eyes thou never more shalt close.
Henceforth let no Man sleep, on Pain of Death:
Instead of Sleep, let pompous Pageantry
Keep all Mankind eternally awake.
Bid *Harlequino* decorate the Stage
With all Magnificence of Decoration:
Giants and Giantesses, Dwarfs and Pigmies,
Songs, Dances, Music in its amplest Order,
Mimes, Pantomimes, and all the magic Motion
Of Scene *Deceptionive* and Sublime.

[The flat Scene draws.

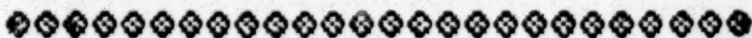
*The King is seated, and a grand Pantomime Entertainment
is perform'd, in the Midst of which enters a Captain of
the Guard.*

Capt. To Arms! to Arms! great *Chrononhotontologos*!
Th' Antipodean Pow'rs, from Realms below,
Have burst the solid Entrails of the Earth;
Gushing such Cataracts of Forces forth,
This World is too incopious to contain 'em:
Armies on Armies march in Form stupendous;
Not like our Earthly Regions, Rank by Rank,
But Teer o'er Teer, high pil'd from Earth to Heaven;
A blazing Bullet, bigger than the Sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous Culverin,
Has laid your Royal Citadel in Ashes.

King. Peace, Coward! were they wedg'd like golden
Ingots,

Or

Or pent so close, as to admit no *Vacuum* ;
One Look from *Chrononhotontologos*
Shall scare them into Nothing. *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
Bid *Bombardinian* draw his Legions forth,
And meet us in the Plains of *Queerummania*.
This very now ourselves shall there conjoin him :
Mean Time, bid all the Priests prepare their Temples
For Rites of Triumph : Let the singing Singers,
With vocal Voices, most vociferous,
In sweet Vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n Sound itself. So be it as we have order'd.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



S C E N E,

A magnificent Apartment.

Enter Queen, Tatlanthe, and two Ladies.

Queen. DAY's Curtain's drawn, the Morn begins
to rise,
And waking Nature rubs her sleepy Eyes :
The pretty little fleecy bleating Flocks
In Baa's harmonious warble thro' the Rocks :
Night gathers up her Shades in sable Shrouds,
And whisp'ring Oziers tattle to the Clouds.
What think you, Ladies, if an Hour we kill,
At Basset, Ombre, Picquet, or Quadrille ?

Tat. — Your Majesty was pleas'd to order Tea.

Queen. — My Mind is alter'd ; bring some Ratifia.
[*They*]

[*They are serv'd round with a Dram.*]

I have a famous Fidler sent from *France*;
Bid him come in. What think ye of a Dance?

Enter Fidler.

Fid. — Thus to your Majesty, says the suppliant
Muse,
Wou'd you a Solo or Sonata chuse;
Or bold Concerto, or soft Sicilinia,
Alla *Francesse* overo in *Gusto Romano*?
When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.

Queen. A civil Fellow! — play us the *Black Joak*.
[*Musick plays.*]

Queen and Ladies dance the Black Joak.

So much for Dancing; now let's rest a while.
Bring in the Tea-things, does the Kettle boil?

Tat. — The Water bubbles, and the Tea-Cups
skip,
Through eager Hope to kiss your Royal Lip.
[*Tea brought in.*]

Queen. — Come, Ladies, will you please to
choose your Tea;
Or Green Imperial, or *Pekoe* Bohea?

1st Lady. — Never, no, never sure on Earth was
seen,
So gracious, sweet, and affable a Queen.

2d Lady. — She is an Angel.

1st Lady. — She's a Goddess rather.

Tat. She's Angel, Queen, and Goddess, altogether.

Queen. — Away! you flatter me.

1st Lady.

1st Lady. ——— We don't indeed :
Your Merit does our Praise by far exceed.

Queen. ——— You make me blush : Pray help me
to a Fan.

1st Lady. That Blush becomes you ———

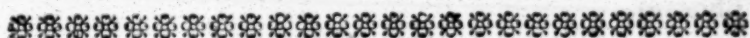
Tat. ——— Wou'd I were a Man.

Queen. I'll hear no more of these fantastick Airs.

(Bell rings.)

The Bell rings in : Come, Ladies, let's to Pray'rs.

(They dance off)



S C E N E,

An Anti-Chamber.

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphoscophornio.

Rig. 'E G A D, we're in the wrong Box ! Who the
Devil wou'd have thought that *Chrononhoton-*
thologos should beat that mortal Sight of *Tippodeans* ?
Why, there's not a Mother's Child of them to be seen
'egad, they footed it away as fast as their Hands cou'd
carry 'em ; but they have left their King behind 'em.
We have him safe, that's one Comfort.

Aldi. ——— Wou'd he were still at amplest Liberty !
For, oh ! my dearest *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
I have a Riddle to unriddle to thee,
Shall make thee stare thyself into a Statue.
Our Queen's in Love with this *Antipodean*.

Rigdum.

Chrononhotonthologos.

Rigdum. The Devil she is? Well, I see Mischief is going forward with a Vengeance.

Aldi. But, lo! the Conq'ror comes all crown'd with Conquest!

A solemn Triumph graces his Return.
Let's grasp the Forelock of this apt Occasion,
To greet the Victor, in his Flow of Glory.

A Grand Triumph.

Enter Chrononhotonthologos, Guards and Attendants, &c. met by Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphosco-phornio.

Aldi. ——— All hail to *Chrononhotonthologos*!
Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal Subjects.
Myself and faithful *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
Lost in a Labyrinth of Love and Loyalty,
Intreat you to inspect our inmost Souls,
And read in them what Tongue can never utter.

Cbro. ——— *Aldiborontiphosco-phornio*,
To thee, and gentle *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
Our Gratulations flow in Streams unbounded:
Our Bounty's Debtor to your Loyalty,
Which shall with Int'rest be repaid e'er long.
But where's our Queen! where's *Fadladinida*!
She should be foremost in this gladsome Train,
To grace our Triumph; but I see she slights me.
This haughty Queen shall be no longer mine,
I'll have a sweet and gentle Concubine.

Rig. ——— Now, my dear little *Phosco-phorny*, for a swinging Lye to bring the Queen off, and I'll run with it to her this Minute, that we may be all in a Story. Say she has got the Thorough-go-Nimble.

(Whispers, and steals off.
Aldi.

Aldi. ——— Speak not, great *Chrononhotontologos*,
In Accents so injuriously severe
Of *Fadladinida*, your faithful Queen :
By me she sends an Embassy of Love,
Sweet Blandishments and kind Congratulations,
But, cannot, oh ! she cannot, come herself.

King. ——— Our Rage is turn'd to Fear : What ails
the Queen ?

Aldi. A sudden Diarrhœa's rapid Force
So stimulates the Peristaltic Motion,
That she by far out-does her late Out-doing,
And all conclude her Royal Life in Danger.

King. Bid the Physicians of the World assemble
In Consultation, solemn and sedate :
More, to corroborate their sage Resolves,
Call from their Graves the learned Men of Old :
Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus ;
Doctors, Apothecaries, Surgeons, Chymists,
All ! all ! attend ; and see they bring their Med'cines,
Whole Magazines of galli-potted Nostrums,
Materializ'd in Pharmaceutic Order.

The Man that cures our Queen shall have our Empire.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*



B

SCENE,

SCENE,

A Garden.

Enter Tatlanthe and Queen.

Queen. **H** EIGH ho! my Heart!

Tat. — What ails my gracious Queen?

Queen. O would to *Venus* I had never seen!

Tat. Seen what, my Royal Mistress?

Queen. ————— Too, too much!

Tat. Did it affright you?

Queen. ————— No, 'tis nothing such.

Tat. What was it, Madam?

Queen. ————— Really I don't know.

Tat. It must be something!

Queen. ————— No!

Tat. Or nothing!

Queen. ————— No.

Tat. Then I conclude of course, since it was neither,
Nothing, and Something, jumbled well together.

Queen. Oh! my *Tatlanthe*, have you never seen!

Tat. Can I guess what, unless you tell, my Queen?

Queen. The King I mean.

Tat. ————— Just now return'd from War:

He rides like *Mars* in his Triumphal Car.

Conquest precedes with Laurels in his Hand;

Behind him *Fame* does on her Tripods stand;

Her golden Trump shrill thro' the Air she sounds,

Which rends the Earth, and thence to Heaven rebounds;

Trophies and Spoils innumerable grace

This Triumph, which all Triumphs does deface:

Ha! He

Haste then, great Queen! your Hero then to meet,
Who longs to lay his Laurels at your Feet.

Queen. ——— Art mad, *Tatlanthe*? I meant no such
Thing.

Your Talk's distasteful.

Tat. ——— Didn't you name the King?

Queen. I did, *Tatlanthe*, but it was not thine;
The charming King I mean, is only mine.

Tat. Who else, who else, but such a charming Fair,
In *Chrononbotanthologos* should share?

The Queen of Beauty, and the God of Arms,
In him and you united blend their Charms.

Oh! had you seen him, how he dealt out Death,
And at one Stroke robb'd Thousands of their Breath:

While on the slaughter'd Heaps himself did rise,
In Pyramids of Conquest to the Skies:

The Gods all hail'd, and fain would have him stay;
But your bright Charms have call'd him thence away.

Queen. This does my utmost Indignation raise:
You are too pertly lavish in his Praise.
Leave me for ever!

[*Tatlanthe Kneeling.*

Tat. ——— Oh! what shall I say?

Do not, great Queen, your Anger thus display!

O frown me dead! let me not live to hear

My gracious Queen and Mistress so severe!

I've made some horrible Mistake, no doubt;

Oh! tell me what it is!

Queen. ——— No, find it out.

Tat. No, I will never leave you; here I'll grow
Till you some Token of Forgiveness show:

Oh! all ye Pow'rs above, come down, come down!

And from her Brow dispel that angry Frown.

Queen. *Tatlanthe*, rise, you have prevail'd at last;
Offend no more, and I'll excuse what's past.

[*Tatlanthe aside, rising.*

Tat. Why, what a Fool was I, not to perceive her Passion for the topsy-turvy King, the Gentleman that carries his Head where his Heels should be? But I must tack about I see.

[*To the Queen.*

Excuse me, gracious Madam! if my Heart
Bears Sympathy with yours in ev'ry Part;
With you alike I sorrow and rejoice,
Approve your Passion, and commend your Choice;
The Captive King——

Queen.—— That's he! that's he! that's he!
I'd die ten Thousand Deaths to set him free:
Oh! my *Tatlanthe*! have you seen his Face,
His Air, his Shape, his Mien, his ev'ry Grace,
In what a charming Attitude he stands,
How prettily he foots it with his Hands!
Well, to his Arms, no to his Legs I fly,
For I must have him, if I live or die.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE,



S C E N E,

A Bed-Chamber.

Chrononhotonthologos asleep.

[*Rough Musick, viz. Salt-Boxes and Rolling-Pins, Grid-Irons and Tongs; Sow-Gelders Horns, Marrow-Bones and Cleavers, &c. &c.*

[*He wakes.*

Chro. **W**HAT heav'nly Sounds are these that
charm my Ears!
Sure 'tis the Musick of the tuneful Spheres.

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Cap. A Messenger from Gen'ral *Bombardinian*
Craves instant Audience of your Majesty.
Chro. Give him Admittance.

Enter Herald.

Her. Long Life to *Chrononhotonthologos*!
Your faithful Gen'ral *Bombardinian*
Sends you his Tongue, transplanted in my Mouth,
To pour his Soul out in your Royal Ears.
Chro. Then use thy Master's Tongue with Reverence,
Nor waste it in thine own Loquacity,
But briefly and at large declare thy Message.

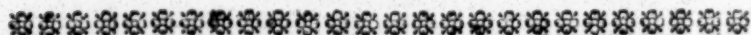
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Her.

Her. Suspend a-while, great *Chrononhotonthologos*,
 The Fate of Empires, and the Toils of War;
 And in my Tent let's quaff *Phalernian* Wine,
 Till our Souls mount, and emulate the Gods.
 Two Captive Females, beauteous as the Morn,
 Submissive to your Wishes, court your Option.
 Hasten then, great King, to bless us with your Presence.
 Our Scouts already watch the wish'd Approach,
 Which shall be welcom'd by the Drums dread Rattle,
 The Cannons Thunder, and the Trumpets Blast;
 While I, in Front of mighty Myrmidons,
 Receive my King in all the Pomp of War.

Chro. Tell him I come; my flying Steed prepare;
 E're thou art half on Horse-back, I'll be there.

[*Exeunt.*



S C E N E,

A Prison.

The King of the Antipodes discover'd sleeping on a Couch.

Enter Queen.

Queen. **I**S this a Place, oh! all ye Gods above!
 This a Reception for the Man I love?
 See in what sweet Tranquillity he sleeps,
 While Nature's Self at his Confinement weeps.
 Rise, lovely Monarch! see your Friend appear,
 No *Chrononhotonthologos* is here;
 Command your Freedom, by this sacred Ring;
 Then command me: What says my charming King?

[*She puts the Ring in his Mouth, he bends the
 Sea-Crab, and makes a roaring Noise.*

Queen.

Queen. What can this mean! he lays his Feet at mine,
Is this of Love or Hate his Country's Sign?
Ah! wretched *Queen*! how hapless is thy Lot,
To love a Man that understands thee not!
Oh! lovely *Venus*, Goddess all Divine!
And gentle *Cupid*, that sweet Son of thine,
Assist, assist me, with your sacred Art,
And teach me to obtain this Stranger's Heart.

Venus descends in her Chariot, and sings.

A I R.

Ven. See *Venus* does attend thee,
My Dilding, my Dolding.
Love's Goddess will befriend thee,
Lilly bright and stincee.
With Pity and Compassion,
My Dilding, my Dolding,
She sees thy tender Passion,
Lilly, &c. Da Capo.

A I R changes.

To thee I yield my Pow'r divine,
Dance over the Lady Lee,
Demand whate'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,
My gay Lady.
Take this magic Wand in Hand,
Dance, &c.
All the World's at thy Command,
My gay, &c. Da Capo.

Cupid

Cupid descends, and sings.

A I R.

*Are you a Widow, or are you a Wife?
Gilly Flow'r, gentle Rosemary.
Or are you a Maiden, so fair and so bright?
As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry-Tree.*

*Queen. Would I were a Widow, as I am a Wife,
Gilly Flow'r, &c.*

*But I'm, to my Sorrow, a Maiden as bright,
As the Dew, &c.*

*Cupid. You shall be a Widow before it is Night,
Gilly Flow'r, &c.*

*No longer a Maiden so fair and so bright,
As the Dew, &c.*

*Two jolly young Husbands your Person shall share,
Gilly Flow'r, &c.*

*And twenty fine Babies, all lovely and fair,
As the Dew, &c.*

*Queen. O Thanks, Mr. Cupid! for this your good News,
Gilly Flow'r, &c.*

*What Woman alive would such Favours refuse?
While the Dew, &c.*

*Venus and Cupid re-ascend; the Queen goes off, and the
King of the Antipodes follows, walking on his Hands.
[Scene closes.*

SCENE,

S C E N E,

Bombardinian's Tent.

King and Bombardinian, at a Table, with two Ladies.

Bomb. **T**HIS Honour, Royal Sir! so royalizes
The Royalty of your most royal Actions,
The Dumb can only utter forth your Praise;
For we, who speak, want Words to tell our Meaning.
Here! fill the Goblet with *Phalernian* Wine,
And, while our Monarch drinks, bid the shrill Trumpet
Tell all the Gods, that we propine their Healths.

King. Hold, *Bombardinian*, I esteem it fit,
With so much Wine, to eat a little Bit.

Bomb. See that the Table instantly be spread,
With all that Art and Nature can produce.
Traverse from Pole to Pole; sail round the Globe,
Bring every Eatable that can be eat;
The King shall eat, tho' all Mankind be starv'd.

Cook. I am afraid his Majesty will be starv'd, before
I can run round the World for a Dinner — Besides,
where's the Money?

King. Ha! dost thou prattle, contumacious Slave?
Guards, seize the Villain! broil him, fry him, stew him;
Ourselves shall eat him out of mere Revenge.

Cook. O pray your Majesty, spare my Life; there's
some nice cold Pork in the Pantry: I'll hash it for your
Majesty in a Minute.

Chro. Be thou first hash'd in Hell, audacious Slave.

[Kills him, and turns to Bombardinian.

Hash'd Pork! shall *Chrononhotontologos*
Be fed with Swine's Flesh, and at Second-hand?
Now, by the Gods! thou dost insult us, General!

Bomb.

Bomb. The Gods can witness, that I little thought
Your Majesty to other Flesh than this
Had ought the least Propensity. (*Pointing to the Ladies.*

King. Is this a Dinner for a hungry Monarch?

Bomb. Monarchs, as great as *Chrononbotontologos*,
Have made a very hearty Meal of worse.

King. Ha! Traitor! dost thou brave me to my Teeth?
Take this Reward, and learn to mock thy Master.

(*Strikes him.*

Bomb. A Blow! shall *Bombardinian* take a Blow?
Blush! Blush, thou Sun! start back, thou rapid Ocean!
Hills! Vales! Seas! Mountains! all commixing
crumble,

And into *Chaos* pulverize the World;
For *Bombardinian* has receiv'd a Blow,
And *Chrononbotontologos* shall die.

(*Draws.*

[*The Women run off, crying, Help! Murder, &c.*

King. What means the Traitor?

Bomb. ——— Traitor, in thy Teeth
Thus I defy thee!

[*They fight — he kills the King.*

——— Ha! What have I done?

Go, call a Coach, and let a Coach be call'd;
And let the Man that calls it be the Caller;
And, in his Calling, let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! Oh! for a Coach, ye
Gods!

(*Exit raving.*

Returns with a Doctor.

Bomb. How fares your Majesty?

Doct. ——— My Lord, he's dead.

Bomb. Ha! dead! impossible! it cannot be!
I'd not believe it, tho' himself should swear it.
Go join his Body to his Soul again,
Or, by this Light, thy Soul shall quit thy Body.

Doct. My Lord, he's far beyond the Power of Physick,
His Soul has left his Body and this World.

Bomb.

Bomb. Then go to t'other World and fetch it back.

[*Kills him.*]

And if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chace thy Shade through Myriads of Orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the Verge of Nature.
Ha! ——— Call'st thou, *Chrononbotanthologos*?
I come! your faithful *Bombardinian* comes!
He comes in Worlds unknown to make new Wars,
And gain thee Empires num'rous as the Stars.

[*He kills himself.*]

Enter Queen, and Others.

Aldi. O horrid! horrible, and horriddest Horror!
Our King! our General! our Cook! our Doctor!
All dead! stone dead! irrevocably dead!
O ——— h! ——— [All groan, a Tragedy Groan.]

Queen. My Husband dead! Ye Gods! what is't you mean,

To make a Widow of a Virgin Queen?
For, to my great Misfortune, he, poor King,
Has left me so; i'n't that a wretched Thing?

Tat. Why then, dear Madam! make no farther Pother,
Were I your Majesty, I'd try another.

Queen. I think 'tis best to follow thy Advice.

Tat. I'll fit you with a Husband in a Trice:

Here's *Rigdum-Funnidos*, a proper Man;
If any one can please a Queen, he can.

Rig. Ay, that I can, and please your Majesty.
So, Ceremonies apart, let's proceed to Business.

Queen. Oh! but the Mourning takes up all my Care,
I'm at a Loss what kind of Weeds to wear.

Rig. Never talk of Mourning, Madam,
One Ounce of Mirth, is worth a Pound of Sorrow,
Let's bed To-night, and then we'll wed To-morrow.
I'll make thee a great Man, my little *Phoscephorny*.

(*To Aldi. aside.*)

Aldi. I scorn your Bounty, I'll be King, or nothing.
Draw, Miscreant! draw!

Rig.

Rig. ——— No, Sir, I'll take the Law.

(Runs behind the Queen.)

Queen. Well, Gentlemen, to make the Matter easy,
I'll have you both; and that, I hope, will please ye.
And now, *Tatlanthe*, thou art all my Care:
Where shall I find thee such another Pair?
Pity that you, who've serv'd so long, so well,
Should die a Virgin, and lead Apes in Hell.
Choose for yourself, dear Girl, our Empire round,
Your Portion is Twelve Hundred Thousand Pound.

Aldi. Here! take these dead and bloody Corpse away;
Make Preparation for our Wedding-Day.
Instead of sad Solemnity, and Black,
Our Hearts should swim in Claret, and in Sack.

F I N I S.



